



80

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



TODD MCFARLANE AND IMAGE COMICS PRESENTS...

THE CLEANSING



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SPAWN 79 Summary

Detective Silbert interrogates Bobby at police headquarters about his involvement in the recent alley murders. Bobby makes his one phone call to Dr. Sarah Frost and later she and Sam discuss his options. Meanwhile, Spawn "feels" the latest victim's death and vows to catch the killer of his people.

Later, Sam finds Bobby almost dead near Sarah's clinic. He breaks into the clinic to get help and finds a shrine of sorts from the killer relating to his victims.

DEDICATED TO
my favorite person—**Amy Gittleman**



YEAH, I'M
POSITIVE.
WE GOT OUR
KILLER.



DO THE POLICE KNOW?

NOPE. CAME STRAIGHT TO YOU. JUST LIKE YOU ASKED.



GOOD. GIVE ME HALF AN HOUR, THEN CALL THE COPS.



DO YOU MIND IF WE ASK WHY?



BECAUSE I GODDAMN SAID SO. THAT'S WHY.



ASS-WIPE.

A CITY IS A LOT LIKE A PERSON, IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT...

IT LIVES AND BREATHES AND GROWS. IT HAS ITS OWN UNIQUE ANATOMY. ITS OWN CHARMS AND IDIOSYNCRASIES.

THE KILLER KNOWS THIS, DEEP IN HER HEART, UNDERSTANDS IT AT A PRIMAL LEVEL. IT IS THE ONLY WAY TO BUILD A BETTER, MORE PRISTINE WORLD.

THE MEN ON THE TV HAVE BEEN SAYING TERRIBLE THINGS ABOUT HER, ABOUT HER ACTIONS.

BY ITS VERY NATURE, IT MUST KILL AND DEVOUR IN ORDER TO SURVIVE.

SOMETIMES IT IS FACED BY MALIGNANCIES. PARASITES. CANCERS.

SOME CAN BE TREATED. OR CONTAINED.

BUT OTHERS MUST BE ELIMINATED. ERADICATED FROM THE HOST SO THAT THE BETTER, MORE DESERVING ORGANS MAY THRIVE. THEY MUST BE CLEANSED.

THEY TOSS AROUND UGLY WORDS LIKE "MURDER" AND "SOCIOPATH."

THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND. IT IS THANKLESS WORK. COLD, CLINICAL AND NECESSARY.

BUT SHE DOESN'T DO IT FOR UNDERSTANDING OR FOR RECOGNITION.

SHE DOES IT BECAUSE NO ONE ELSE WILL.

DR. SARAH FROST EMERGES FROM THE SHOWER, HER SEVENTH OF THE DAY. SHE FEELS RENEWED, ALMOST REBORN.

SHE DRINKS IN THE FILTERED, RAREFIED AIR. IT IS FREE FROM THE TAINTS OF THE CITY. THE TOXIC GRIME THAT FILLS ITS SKIES, THE SICKENING SCENT OF OTHER PEOPLE.

IT IS ONLY AT THESE MOMENTS SHE FEELS TRULY SAFE.

SHE FEELS ALIVE AND RADIANT BENEATH THE WARM GLOW OF HALOGEN LIGHTS.

TRULY COMFORTABLE INSIDE HER SKIN.

Huh?

THAT COMFORT WILL PROVE SHORT-LIVED.

EEEE!
GET OFF ME!



ANOTHER FLASH OF LIGHTNING ILLUMINATES THE ROOM AND SHE REALIZES SHE IS NOT ALONE. THERE IS SOMEONE THERE, WATCHING.



FROM SOMEWHERE NEAR, SHE HEARS THE RATTLE OF CHAINS, THE FLUTTERING OF HEAVY CLOTH.

HER PUPILS DILATE, ADJUSTING TO THE DARK, AND THEN SHE SEES...



SARAH FROST!
IT'S TIME TO
ANSWER
FOR YOUR
CRIMES!

CHRIST. WHAT DO YOU THINK HE'S DOING IN THERE? I DON'T LIKE THE STINK OF THIS. AND WHAT WAS THAT CRAP? "COS I SAID SO."

DEAL OR NO DEAL, HE DON'T TALK TO US LIKE THAT. BETTER GET THAT STRAIGHT.

YES, SIR. I WAS QUITE IMPRESSED BY THE WAY YOU STOOD UP TO HIM. VERY BRAVE.

JEEZ, TWITCH! WHAT'S EATING YOU? THIS IS HARD ENOUGH WITHOUT YOU TAKING SHOTS AT ME.

FORGIVE ME, SIR. GALLows HUMOR, I SUPPOSE.

YEAH. OKAY. DON'T WORRY 'BOUT IT.

>Sigh< IT'S JUST... SHE WAS NICE TO ME, Y'KNOW? TREATED ME LIKE I WASN'T JUST SOME MOOK. THAT HASN'T HAPPENED MUCH IN MY LIFE.

JUST MY LUCK SHE TURNS OUT TO BE A SPREE-KILLING PSYCHO.

Hmm. IT'S ALWAYS SOMETHING, ISN'T IT?

KNOCK IT OFF, WHEN'D YOU DECIDE YOU HAD A SENSE OF HUMOR ANYWAYS? HUH? GUYS LIKE YOU... YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE.

I MEAN, YOU GOT HELEN AND THE KIDS AND ALL. A FAMILY. END OF THE DAY, NO ONE CAN TAKE THAT FROM YOU. ME? I GOT NO ONE.

I'LL TELL YA YOUR PROBLEM, TWITCH. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE.

IS THAT A FACT, SIR?

YEAH, THAT'S A FACT. SO HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN NOW?

FOUR MINUTES.

CHRIST.

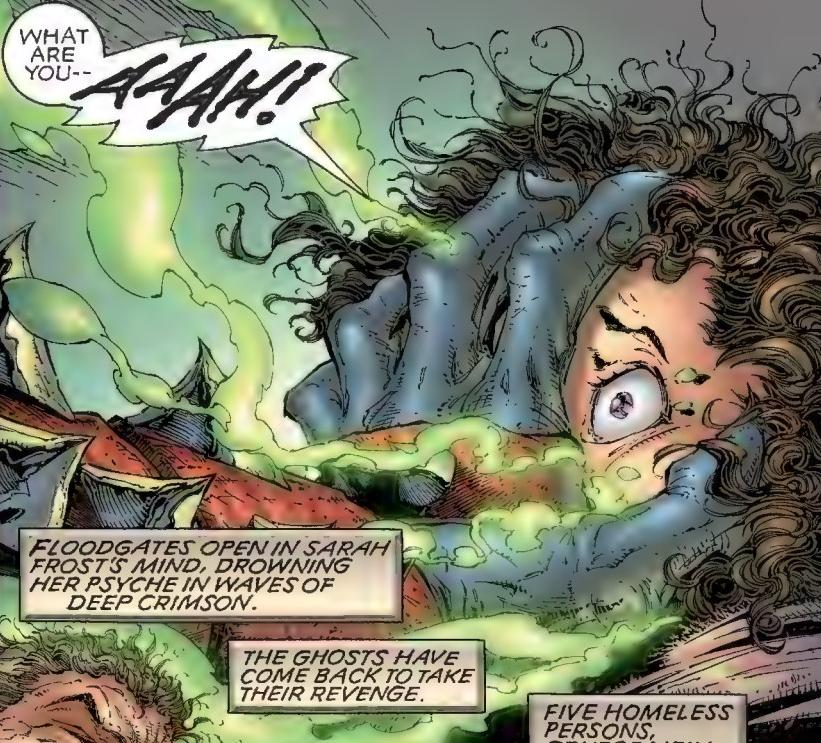
WHO-
WHO ARE
YOU? WHAT
DO YOU
WANT
WITH ME?

TELL
ME WHY,
SARAH.
WHY DID
YOU DO
IT?

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT. GET
AWAY FROM ME!
SOMEBODY

HELLIP!

SHOUT
ALL YOU WANT.
NO ONE'S
COMING TO
HELP YOU. YOU
CAN'T RUN
FROM ME.



THE GHOSTS HAVE COME BACK TO TAKE THEIR REVENGE.

FIVE HOMELESS PERSONS, GRUESOMELY MURDERED, MUTILATED, BY HER HAND.

SHE REMEMBERS THE DAY IT ALL BECAME CLEAR TO HER. SHE HAD TRIED SO HARD TO HELP THEM, BUT SO MANY HAD REFUSED THAT HELP.

SUCH PERSONS DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE, DON'T DESERVE TO SHARE THE SAME AIR AND SUNLIGHT AS THE REST OF US.

AND THEN THE VOICES CAME. THEY TOLD HER SHE WAS RIGHT, THAT IT WAS UP TO HER TO CHANGE THINGS. THAT IT WAS THE ONLY SANE THING TO DO.

THE SCREAMS OF HER VICTIMS ECHO IN HER EARS, THEIR PAIN AND SUFFERING QUAKE THROUGH HER BONES.

HER BODY WRACKS AND CONVULSES WITH THEIR AGONY.

HOW DOES IT FEEL,
SARAH? TO BE SO
HELPLESS. TO KNOW
THAT NO ONE IS
COMING TO YOUR
RESCUE...

...TO
KNOW YOUR
PATHETIC LIFE
IS AT AN
END...

PLEASE...
PLEASE...
STOP...

NO!

AAARGH!!

WE'RE
NOT
GOING TO
STOP.

THREE NIGHTS AGO... THE LAST VICTIM... BARELY MORE THAN A CHILD...

HER NAME WAS FAWN. SARAH HAD TRIED HARD TO GET HER OFF THE STREET. SHE HAD INVESTED HOURS IN HELPING THIS GIRL, ALL FOR NOTHING.

SHE WOULD HAVE TO PAY.

I'VE BEEN WORRIED ABOUT YOU. IT'S KEEPING ME UP NIGHTS.

SARAH DROVE HER TO AN OLD WAREHOUSE AND SHOWED HER THE PENALTY FOR HER ACTIONS.

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

JUST SOMEWHERE WE CAN TALK. DON'T WORRY, IT'LL ALL BE OKAY SOON. ARE YOU HUNGRY?

YOU STUPID, UNGRATEFUL LITTLE BITCH!

WHAT?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

AAH! LET GO!

THE LITTLE BRAT ACTUALLY LOOKED SURPRISED. BETRAYED. DIDN'T SHE REALIZE SHE HAD BROUGHT IT ALL ON HERSELF?

THE GIRL STRUGGLED, TRIED TO ESCAPE, BUT SHE NEVER STOOD A CHANCE.

SARAH CUT FAWN'S THROAT AND WATCHED HER DIE. LISTENED AS THE GIRL'S LAST, PATHETIC CRIES FOR MERCY GURGLED WEAKLY FROM HER SEVERED THROAT.

AND THEN SHE EXTRACTED FAWN'S STILL-BEATING HEART AS A TROPHY, AND AS A WARNING TO OTHERS: CHANGE OR DIE.

TELL ME WHY, DOCTOR FROST. WHAT WERE YOU AFRAID OF?

WHAT IS IT THAT SCARES YOU MOST? WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES YOU SCREAM!

THEY CRAWL ALL OVER HER... UNDER HER ROBE... IN HER HAIR... THOUSANDS OF THEM. THEY BURROW UNDER HER FLESH...

AAAARRRREEEE!

SHE SLAPS AND SCRATCHES AND POUNDS AT THEM, SOFT LAYERS OF HER OWN FLESH COLLECTING BENEATH HER MANICURED NAILS...

GET 'EM OFF! GET 'EM OFF ME!

PLEASE!
PLEASE
STOP
IT!

AS SARAH FROST EXPERIENCES HER BLACKEST NIGHTMARE BROUGHT TO LIFE SOMETHING IN HER MIND SWITCHES OVER...



HER KITCHEN PANTRY HOLDS AN ARSENAL OF CLEANING SUPPLIES. ONE CAN NEVER BE TOO CAREFUL...

SHE EMPTIES CAN AFTER CAN OF PESTICIDE, BUT THEY KEEP COMING...

THE NOXIOUS SPRAY SEARS HER EYES, SEEPS INTO HER OPEN WOUNDS, STINGING AND BURNING HER TENDER FLESH...

UUGGHN...

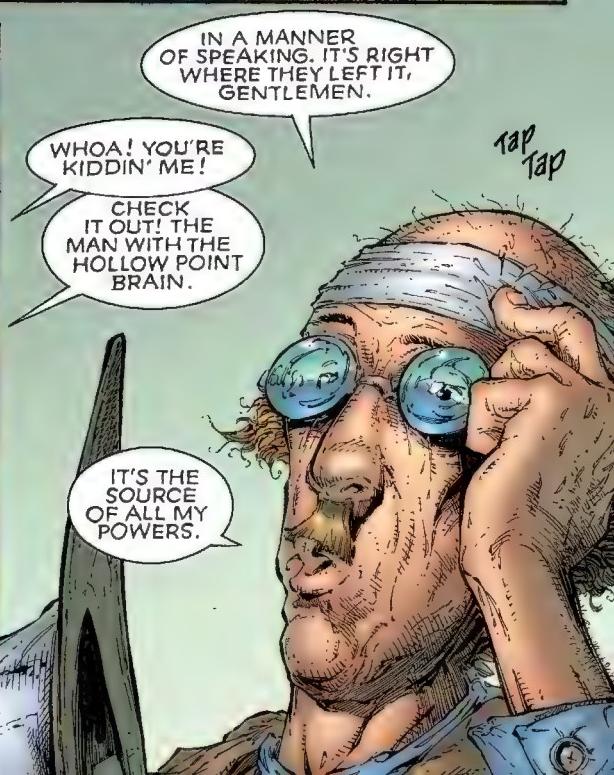
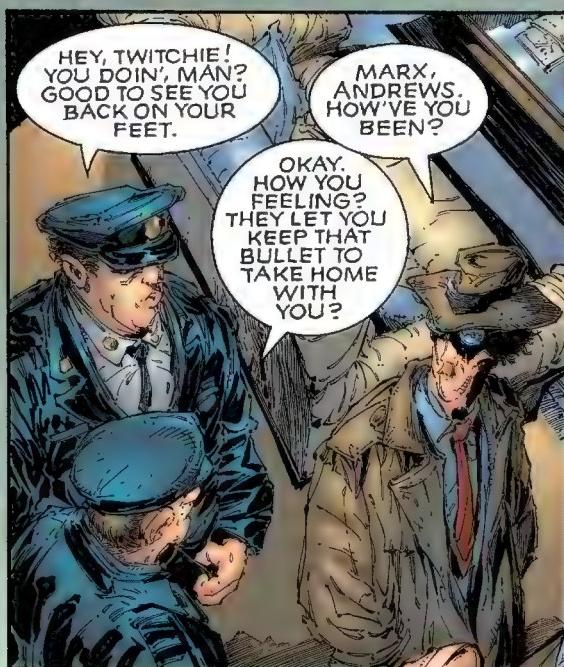
HER MOUTH IS CLOGGED WITH VERMIN... HER TONGUE WEIGHTED DOWN BY COUNTLESS INSECTS...

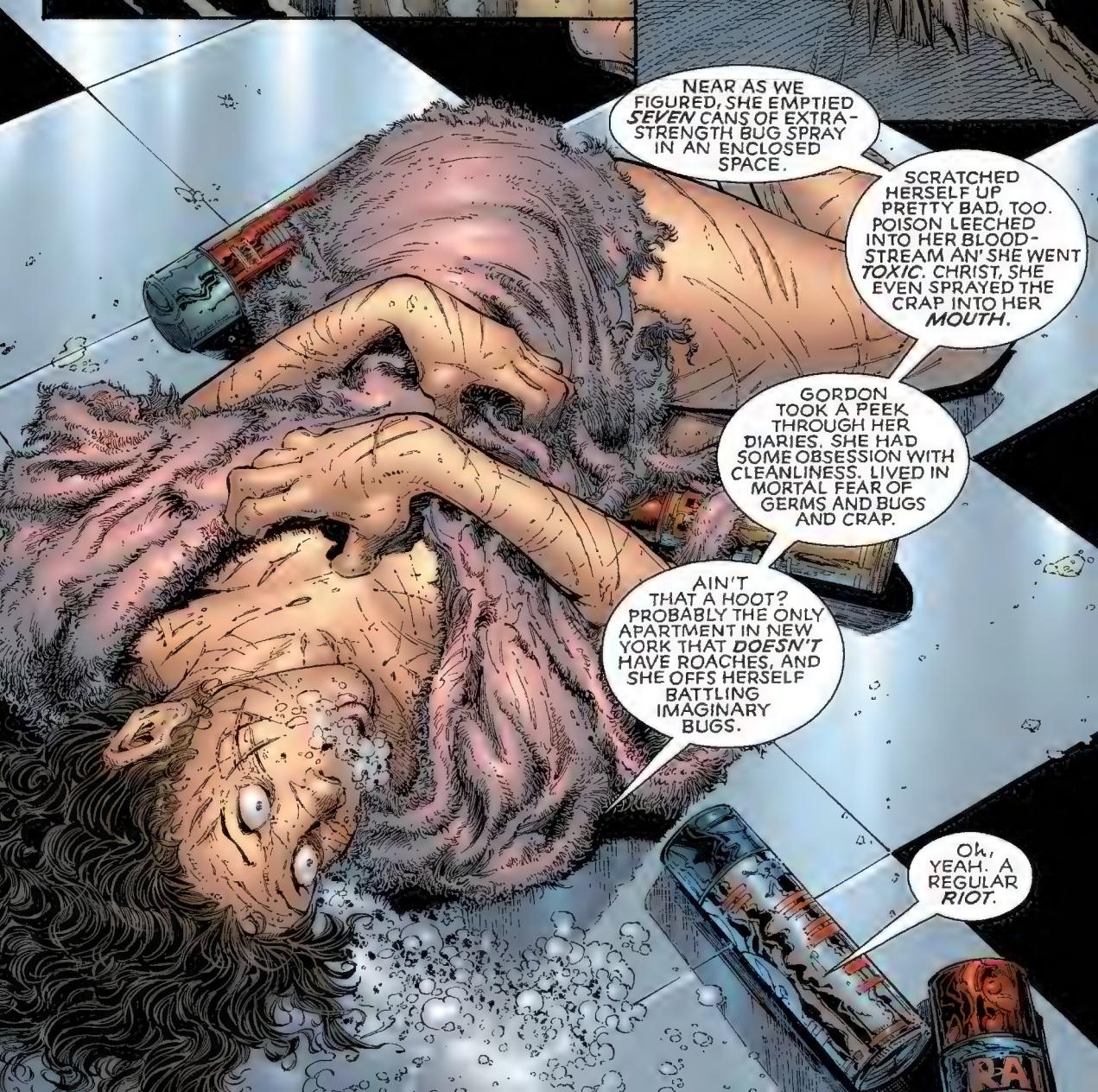
SHE CAN BARELY SEE NOW... EYELIDS SWOLLEN, HER VISION BLOCKED BY THIS CREEPING VEIL OF PESTILENCE...

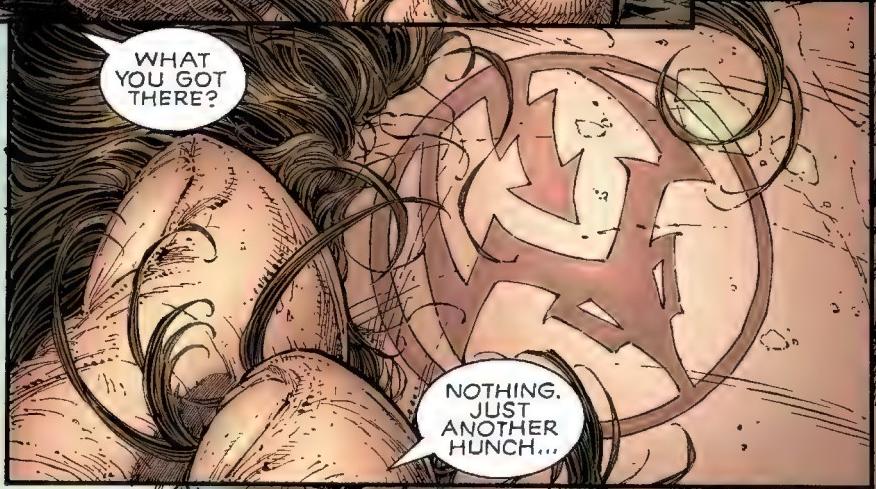
SHE MAKES ONE LAST PANICKED GESTURE, HOPING FOR MERCY... FOR FORGIVENESS...

SHE RECEIVES NEITHER.

FORTY-FIVE
MINUTES
LATER:











I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT, COG. I DID WHAT I HAD TO DO. SHE WAS A COLD-BLOODED KILLER.



EPILOGUE.

"DETECTIVE DUO AWARDED COMMENDATION. PRIVATE INVESTIGATORS CITED BY MAYOR FOR CRACKING 'EXTERMINATOR' CASE..."

VERY, FLATTERING, SIR.

DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT, BUDDY. NOW, YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, DON'T YA?

YOU'RE RENEWING YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO THE TIMES?

MEANS WE'RE FINALLY GOING SOMEWHERE. NO MORE NICKEL-AND-DIMIN' IT. WE'VE TURNED THE CORNER, BUDDY.

WE'RE GONNA BE THE TIFFANY'S OF DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

UPSCALE OFFICES... CELEBRITY CLIENTELE... PHAT ASSIGNMENTS...

"PHAT"?

YOU KNOW. COOL. EXCELLENT. SUPERLATIVE. IT'S WHAT ALL THE KIDS ARE SAYING THESE DAYS.

THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU HAVE TO, SIR.

MAN, I
HOPE THEY GET
PACINO TO PLAY
ME IN THE
MOVIE.

MOVIE?
AREN'T YOU
GETTING A
LITTLE AHEAD
OF--

SIR, ARE WE
EXPECTING A
PACKAGE?

OH YEAH.
THAT WAS QUICK.
I ORDERED NEW
STATIONERY.

WAIT TILL YA
SEE IT. I WENT WITH
THE ULTRA-GLOSS
STOCK FOR THE BUSINESS
CARDS, AND IT'S GOT
THIS COOL LITTLE
CHROME FOIL
"EYE" LOGO...

VERY
SUBTLE,
SIR.

WELL,
HERE.
CHECK
IT OUT

FOR

YOUR--

JEEZUS
FREAKIN'
CHRIST!

UH... SIR...
LOOK.

WHAT
THE
HELL...



HOW DID...
I DON'T GET
IT... WHAT
DOES IT
MEAN?

I DON'T
KNOW, SIR.
I DON'T
KNOW.

Sorry Ladies!
You Bagged the
Wrong LOSER!
Our FUN is Just
BEGGinning
I'M Back
= BILLY

THIS
IS
BAD.

NEXT: THE
DEVIL
INSIDE





EMPIRE

Tyrant
Lizard
King